

Shopping For Mulder

by Mrs Spooky

Category: X-Files
Genre: Humor
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2000-05-14 08:00:00
Updated: 2000-05-14 08:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:00:22
Rating: T
Chapters: 1
Words: 850
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Mulder's sick and sends Scully off to do his shopping...I apologize in advance!

Shopping For Mulder

Shopping For Mulder

> Author: Kathleen Anderson
 Rating: Uhm....PG, almost a PG-13
> Disclaimer: The characters are not mine nor are the products mentioned. Each of them belongs to their specific company. I am receiving no money for this piece of writing.
 Summary: just something silly...I apologize in advance!
>

*****For those who like peace and quiet: a phoneless cord*****

>

Scully heaved a great sigh *this is just like Mulder* she thought *he had to choose NOW of all times to get sick and send me shopping for him*

She scanned the small list he had so nicely provided for her:

-Immodium *gross, that's more than I needed to know..*

-Pepto-Bismol *I wonder if that stuff really works..*

-Depends Undergarments *bladder trouble?*

-Gravol *Okay, so he's nauseous and pees without warning..*

-2000 Flushes *dirty toilet? Just how much did he have to shit?*

She sighed again, this was going to be a very embarrassing shopping trip. At least he hadn't asked for condoms or anything. Making a mental note to ask Mulder to pick up some tampons and Nair for her when he was feeling better, she swung her cardoor open and headed for the drugstore.

To her relief, the store was, for the most part, empty. She picked up a red carrying basket and headed for the pharmacy section. Finding the Gravol and Pepto-Bismol had been easy but the Immodium was proving to be more difficult. She looked up and down the shelves with no success. "If I were anti-diarrheal medication, where would I be..." she muttered to herself.

Eventually, with the help of a very flustered young employee named Mervin, Scully located the Immodium. *If my name were Mervin, I'd be flustered too* she thought and headed for the Depends. *Now, how does he manage to look so sleek in those jeans while wearing diapers?*

As Scully glanced down the feminine product/adult diaper aisle her face flushed. Standing directly in front of the Depends display was Assistant Director Skinner. *Am I the ONLY one who can control their bladder?!?!*

She wished she could wait for him to leave but time was of the essence, so she mustered her courage and headed down the aisle. Skinner was thoroughly engrossed with the instructions on the package and didn't notice Scully until she was right next to him. Scully grimaced, *Instructions? Pull on like underpants...how the hell else would you use them??*

Skinner looked up from the package to see Scully scanning the selection. "Agent!" he exclaimed and tried to put the package back on the shelf. Naturally, in accordance with all laws of embarrassment, the misplaced package caused a chain reaction and soon the two found themselves ankle deep in adult diapers.

Scully looked at the floor and spied the kind she wanted. Bending down, she plucked it off Skinner's foot. "This looks about Mulder's size" she said and placed it in her basket. Looking satisfied with herself she went to find the 2000 Flushes.

"Clean up! Aisle Three! Some idiot knocked over the DEPENDS!!!"

Scully snickered and then regained her proper G-Woman composure.

As she looked at the little boxes with the toilet pucks in them, she found herself reciting that damned commercial, "2000 Flushes, blue plus bleach! Two cleans in one; for up to four months!" She gave an involuntary shudder, that guy on the commercial scared the bejeezus out of her. Sighing once again, she snatched a box off the shelf and added it to her loot.

She wondered if she needed to pick up anything for herself while she was here and searched her memory banks for anything she might have run out of. Her strawberry shampoo was nearly empty, but truth be told, she was tired of using strawberry scented shampoo. Nothing other than that immediately came to mind, so she headed for the check out.

As she piled her stuff on the counter the man in line ahead of her

kept glancing back, thinking that Scully didn't notice. She sighed and pretended to be enthralled with the latest tabloid. She put the magazine down as the cashier began ringing her stuff through. She swiped the Pepto-Bismol with no trouble, the Depends went through perfectly as did the 2000 Flushes and Gravol but then she got to the god damned Immodium. Nothing would ring up on it. The cashier sighed and picked up the phone, "PRICE CHECK ON THE IMMIDIUM!!!!!!" Scully buried her face in her hands.

Scully had the cashier double-bag her things, just in case and she headed back to her car. She ruthlessly stuffed the bag in the trunk and headed for Mulder's place. Upon arrival, she grabbed the bag from the trunk and stomped up the steps to Mulder's apartment. She flung the door open and tossed the bag at him.

"NEVER ASK TO ME TO GO SHOPPING FOR YOU AGAIN!!!!!! I don't care if you have to spend all damn day on the john, YOU OWE ME BIG TIME!!!!!"

Mulder sighed.

End
file.